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THE PRINCE AND THE JEWELLER.

A Jeweller of Paris one day saw a splendid equipage drive up to his door, and a tall, important looking gentleman alighted from it. He wanted a lady's set of diamond ornaments, a complete wedding parure. The price was fixed at two hundred thousand francs. Several designs were shown to him. He made choice of one, said he could grant but little time for executing the order, and insisting on leaving with the Jeweller a deposit of four thousand francs in *billets de banque*. He also selected a ring, worth a hundred and twenty francs, and ordered it to be sent home next day; and five days after the whole set of diamonds were to be completed. Accordingly, on the following day, a confidential messenger from the Jeweller's repaired to the Hotel D—, in the Rue de la Paix, and inquired for Prince Gargarin. He was shown into an apartment on the first story. Five or six lackeys were in the antechamber. The prince took the ring, paid for it, and gave a present of ten francs to the messenger, who joyfully returned home, and congratulated his master on having so wealthy and liberal a customer.

The Jeweller, with the utmost punctuality, carried home the diamonds on the day appointed. The Prince was in his study, sitting before his cylindrical secretaire, which was open. The Jeweller handed the casket to him, and his highness minutely inspected the jewels; suddenly one of the valets entered the room, and announced "Prince Dolgoroki."

"Ah! my brother-in-law," exclaimed his highness, "I do not wish him to see the present which I destined for his sister. Request him to stay in the drawing-room, and I will come to him immediately." He touched the table; the cylinder moved, and the secretaire, closed; the diamonds were within it; but on the table there lay an open box filled with leather bags, and numerous rouleaux of louis were huddled together in confusion. The Jeweller observed all this treasure on his first arrival; but his attention was particularly attracted by a large Russia leather portfolio, well lined with *billets de banque*, the edges of which were visible.

His highness left the room, saying he would return very shortly. The Jeweller begged he would not hurry himself. About twenty minutes elapsed, and a sort of vague apprehension assailed the Jeweller. At length the door opened. Oh! here is his highness, thought he. But no, it was the master of the hotel, who stepping up to the Jeweller, said:—

"Are you waiting for any body, Sir?"

"I am waiting for the return of Prince Gargarin, to whom I have just sold a set of diamonds for two hundred thousand francs. Are you his secretary?"

"I am his dupe, and so I presume you are."

"What do you mean? His dupe! impossible! The jewels are shut up in that secretaire. Besides, look at all this money."

He seized one of the leather bags, and opening it, discovered to his horror that it was filled with nails; the rouleaux contained nothing, and the portfolio scraps of waste paper. However, the Jeweller consoled himself—the diamonds were still safe. A locksmith was sent for; the secretaire was opened, and oh, horror! it was empty. It stood on one side of the room, against a wall in which a hole had been made, and there being a corresponding hole in the back of the secretaire, the jewels had with perfect ease, been conveyed to the adjoining apartment.

The despair of the unfortunate Jeweller may be easily conceived. The master of the hotel, too, who had let his apartments to the pretended Prince Gargarin, had been extensively swindled. The servants all belonged to the hotel, with the exception of the *valet de chambre*, who was the companion and confederate of the prince.

It was ascertained that they decamped in a coach from the door of the hotel. Every exertion was made to trace them out, but several years elapsed before they were discovered.

The Jeweller who was nearly ruined by this robbery, removed to another quarter of Paris and established himself under a new name. One day a messenger called on him from M. T—, a gentleman holding an official situation, who was very ill and wished to purchase some rings. The poor Jeweller had naturally become suspicious ever since his fatal adventure with Prince Gargarin; and instead of sending his shopman, he took the rings himself. He was shown into a bed-chamber which was partially lighted; owing to the situation of the windows, the room was all in the shade, except in that part where the bed stood. What was the surprise of the Jeweller when he discovered in the invalid M. T—, the

swindler, who had some years previously defrauded him in the assumed character of the Russian Prince Gargarin. For a few moments he was struck dumb with amazement. However, he recovered himself, and deeming it prudent not to betray the discovery he had made, he displayed his rings; several were selected, and their price amounted to about six thousand francs.

"It is a large sum of money for a poor ruined man," said M. T—. "I have not ready cash sufficient to settle the whole amount, and I shall be obliged if you will take in payment this curious old snuff box, which is of great value."

He asked for his dressing case, and opening it, took out an octagon-shaped china snuff box, ornamented with ten miniatures by Clingsteil, set in gold and rubies. It was perfectly unique, and of inestimable value. On beholding it, the Jeweller well nigh betrayed himself. The snuff box which Mr. T— presented to him was one which had been stolen from him a few days before the robbery of his diamonds. The box was too remarkable to admit of the possibility of mistake. Besides it had a secret spring, by means of which all the miniatures could be taken out of their settings, and on the reverses were painted similar subjects, but treated in the style of indelicacy peculiar to the age of Louis XV. This circumstance was important in proof of his claim to the possession of the box. When M. T— asked him to set a value on it, he said with hesitation:—

"I consider it worth more than fifty thousand francs."

Fifty thousand francs! exclaimed M. T—: "I thought it valuable, but this far exceeds my estimation of it."

"Sir," resumed the Jeweller, "I will not retract what I have said. I am an expert dealer, and to me it may possibly be worth far more than the sum I have fixed. I will make this proposition to you: you shall take the rings you have selected, and you shall put the box under an envelope stating it to be my property; and if it does not bring more than fifty thousand francs, you shall have my rings for nothing."

M. T— was completely blinded by this deep laid scheme. He was a good connoisseur of objects of virtu, and he was not a little gratified to find his box so overvalued, and to be enabled to obtain the rings without opening his purse. The most exaggerated valuation of the snuff box would scarcely have exceeded seven or eight thousand francs. He sent for two of his neighbors, one of whom was a notary, and the matter was arranged conformably with the Jeweller's proposition. This being done, the invalid said:

"Who will fix the price of the box?"

"You, sir," coolly replied the Jeweller.

"Met you are jesting."

"I assure you, sir, I am quite serious. I would willingly lay a good wager that you value the box at five hundred thousand francs."

M. T— directed at the two witnesses a look which seemed to say, the man is mad; but the Jeweller added:—

"You will value it at that price. I am certain you will. But first of all I have to acquaint you with a circumstance connected with this box, which will enable you to perceive its real value."

M. T—, full of curiosity and anxiety, consented to hear the Jeweller's communication in private. The two neighbors, taking the box with them, adjourned to the drawing-room; and M. T— and the Jeweller being left alone, the latter said:—

"Sir, it is now about sixteen years ago since that snuff box was stolen from me, and a short time after, you robbed me of fifty thousand crowns worth of diamonds, under the assumed name of Prince Gargarin. I have now discovered you. My evidence relative to the robbery is on record. You have declared the snuff box to be yours, and I can prove having purchased it at a public sale. I know a secret which will place the truth of my assertion beyond a doubt. Now, sir, tell me whether you are inclined to defend yourself in the criminal suit which I intend forthwith to institute against you."

Every word uttered by the Jeweller fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of M. T—. Overwhelmed with the consciousness of his guilt, his imagination pictured all the horrors of imprisonment, trial, sentence, and the scaffold. He reflected, and the Jeweller said:—

"Sir, I give you five minutes to form your determination."

At the expiration of that interval, M. T—, in a faltering voice, directed the Jeweller to open a drawer in which he would find *billets de banque* for three hundred thousand francs, payable at his banker's that same day. This being done the Jeweller called in the witnesses.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have at length conceived M. T— of the real

value of the snuff-box. You see the price at which he has purchased it back from me."

"I have given five hundred thousand francs," said M. T—.

"Here is your box!" said the Jeweller, restoring it. "I will let you have the rings into the bargain."

The notary, who was no less amazed than the other witness, said:—

"There is some mystery in all this."

"Probably there is," replied the Jeweller. "M. T— may explain it if he pleases; for my part, I promise him eternal secrecy."

With these words, he took his departure, leaving the witnesses bewildered in a maze of conjectures. M. T—, though immensely rich, (he was said to possess upwards of three millions,) never recovered from the mortification attendant on this unexpected discovery. The Jeweller faithfully adhered to his promise of secrecy; but the subtle machinery of the police unravelled the mystery.

MARRIAGES IN FRANCE.

The subject of the last letter of O. P. Q. to the editors of the New York Express, is the marriage of the Duke of Orleans with the Princess Helena of Mecklenburg. Before proceeding to consider the event in its political bearings, the wrangles in the following remarks on the manner in which marriages are generally made up in France. In a large majority of cases, according to his representation, the heart has little or nothing to do with the affair of matrimony:—

"I have a sort of feeling of pity—I confess I have—for this poor German girl, who comes all the way from Schwerin to be married to a man she does not know—and to promise to love, honor and obey a man, with whom, person even, to say nothing of his mind and heart, she is not acquainted. She brings her mother with her. Yet the very clings round the oak! The oak it has ever known, its defence in many a storm, and its protector in many a tempest."

The anxious and devoted mother, reversing the original history, seems to say—and whither thou goest, my daughter, I will go—and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

This is the 'poetry' of the event which has been this day consummated by a royal marriage. And really there is need of some poetry about it, for otherwise a royal marriage is a sorry affair. No sympathy, no mutual acquaintance with each other's tastes and dispositions—no heart affection, or even personal preference—are required to form parts of these alliances. No—the victims are selected by the parents or relatives—they are led out to the sacrifice, as cattle to the slaughter—and afterwards in life they should discover that they have no one taste in common, and that all their predilections, opinions and views are opposed, they can only lament that they were born princes, and submit, for the sake of example, to the daily annoyances of a forced and unsuitable marriage.

In France, indeed, this evil is felt less to be one, than in Great Britain or America. In France, nearly all marriages are affairs of 'convenience.' 'They wish to marry me,' said an officer of the empire to me, only a few days since; and they propose that I should marry either the daughter of a General, who has 10,000 francs of rente—or a young widow of a merchant who is a mistress of a capital of 200,000. Which do you counsel me to accept? I did not ask him if he knew them, because I knew he did not. Nor, of course, whether they were good, amiable, or intelligent, or agreeable in their manners and conduct—for I was certain he was ignorant on all these points. I merely asked him the ages, and counselled him to select the elder of the two; it so happened this was his opinion—and therefore the advice he followed.

"It was only a month ago," said Madame de B., that young Mangin called on me to consult me, as an old friend of the family, relative to the choice he should make of a wife. He had three to select from. One was handsome, but rather poor; another was so, so, as to beauty, but was very rich; and the third was very good, and very amiable, but plain, and had a comfortable income. I told him, I thought he had better marry the richest. He took me at my word, and did so, for yesterday I was at his wedding."

I mention these as facts which have come within my knowledge in the course of the last few days—but they are of hourly occurrence; and a marriage *a la mode* in France in the times in which we live, is nothing more than a matter of 'convenience.'

There is then nothing revolting to a French mind in Royal Marriages. It does not strike Frenchmen, or French women either, as at all extraordinary,

that two beings should be pledged to live with, love, and be faithful to each other, for life, though they are wholly ignorant of each other's tastes, characters, feelings, merits, hearts and endowments, both natural, moral, and personal. All this appears to them as *mere matter of course*; and those who think otherwise, are looked upon as ninnies. This is not creditable either to the moral or social condition of France—but it is a true picture—and domestic happiness is therefore rare."

WILLIAM IV.

The London Morning Chronicle has five columns as a biographical sketch of William the Fourth. He was born on the 21st August, 1765. At the age of 13 he was a midshipman, and though the son of a king (George the Third) was kept on a footing with the other midshipmen. Under Admiral Rodney, he was in the fleet which, in 1779, captured the whole of a Spanish convoy. Eight days after he was in a serious fight with the Spanish fleet, under the command of Don Juan de Langara. The residue of his time as a midshipman the prince served in the West Indies, and off the coasts of Nova Scotia and Canada. On the North American station he served under Lord Keith, in the Warwick, when he captured L'Aigle, a large French frigate, La Sophie, of 22 guns, and the Tarrier sloop of war, off the Delaware river, 11th September, 1782. He afterwards joined Lord Hood, who introduced him to Nelson, on board the Barfleur. In 1783 he was appointed third lieutenant of the Hebe frigate.

In 1786 he was appointed first lieutenant of the Pegasus, of 28 guns, and soon after he was made captain, and ordered to Nova Scotia. He then proceeded to the Leeward Islands, and was there under the command of Nelson. Nelson spoke very highly of him as an obedient and attentive officer. In December, 1787, after returning to England, he was appointed to the command of the Andromeda frigate, in which he sailed for the West Indies. The 19th of May, 1789, he was created Duke of Clarence and St. Andrews, in the kingdom of Great Britain, and Earl of Munster in Ireland. On the 3d of September he was made Rear Admiral; afterwards he became Admiral of the Red; and upon the death of Sir Peter Parker, in 1811, he was made Admiral of the Fleet.

The union of William the Fourth with the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, commenced in 1790, and endured for twenty years. She was one of the most captivating women of her time, and the King was very much attached to her. She was of the Theatre. By her he had several children. In 1810, they parted, which gave Mrs. Jordan the greatest pain. His pecuniary embarrassments, she says, were the cause of the parting. In 1818, he was married to the now Dowager Queen Adelaide. As Duke of Clarence, he advocated Catholic Emancipation in the House of Lords, and made a speech in its behalf. June 26th, 1830, the Duke became King of England on the demise of George the Fourth. He was a man altogether the reverse of George the Fourth, and more like his father George the Third. His course as King is in the memory of the public.

THE MECHANIC IN STRAITS.

Historians have been busy for several thousands of years; but they have not described any one class of men which is exempt from trouble. The most sturdy beggars, in the greatest paradise of mendacity, are sometimes brought to a non-plus; Bellarius, the champion of the wealthiest empire yet recorded, was reduced to beg his farthing; and a European king, in the last century, died penniless in England.

After this becoming preface, we may go fairly to work on our subject. I heartily sympathize with the man who is reduced to want, without his own fault; especially if he is a man who earns his bread with the sweat of his brow; and most of all if he has to share his sorrow and loss with a confiding wife and helpless children. There are many such, for we meet them in almost every walk, downcast and unemployed; there are more than we at first suppose; for the greatest sufferers shun the glare of observation.

American mechanics are said to love money. If this is true in any discreditable sense, it is so in a sense different from that of the olden time. The money lover of our day is bad enough, but he is not the miser of old stories. He grasps; but does not hoard. The excitement which drives him on to rapid gain is only one branch of a wider excitement having many branches; characteristic of our time and susceptible of a direction to do good as well as evil. The old time money maker was a tortoise; and when a storm came he closed his shell. The modern money-maker is a bird of the air;

the tempest drenches, and peradventure stuns him; but at the first laughing-sunshine he is again on the wing. Let the mechanic in straits hope strongly for deliverance. Many are now reduced to great difficulties by changes in the commercial world, which they had no hand in producing. In such circumstances, when the father of a family sees the dearest object of his affections brought into want and distress, there is a great temptation to discontent and repining. This tendency must be resisted; it never did any good, and it never can. No man ever gained by grumbling. Complaints, recriminations, and even curses, serve neither to make hunger smaller, nor the loaf larger. Suck a pin there and consider. Here is a starting point.

Not many hours ago, I heard uncle Benjamin discoursing this matter to his son, who was complaining of the pressure. "Rely on it, Sammy," said the old man as he leaned on his staff, with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning, "murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge; but no ulcer is better for fingering. The more you groan, the poorer you grow."

Repining at loss is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides, I always took notice, that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say "here's something which you have got to learn." Sammy, don't forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children.

"Aye," cried Sammy, "you may say that, and a mother-in-law and two apprentices into the bargain; and I should like to know what a poor man can learn here, when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard money!"

"Softly! Sammy, I am older than you. I have not these grey hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sulky box with bills to pay for a yearling or a wheat-fan; and when Jersey women used thorns for pins; and laid their tea-pots away in the garret. You wish to know what you may learn? You may learn these seven things: First, that you saved too little and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser; but I have seen you giving your dollar for a 'notion,' when you might have laid one half aside for a rainy day. Secondly, that you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you that credit was but a shadow; it shows that there is a substance behind, which casts the shadow; but a small body may cast a great shadow, and no wise man will follow the shadow, any further than he can see the substance. You may now learn that you have followed the opinion and fashion of others, till you have been decoyed into a bog. Thirdly, that you have been in too much haste to become rich. Slowly and easy wins the race. Fourthly, that no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have had a notion that nobody could go to ruin on this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us; but we have become presumptuous. Fifthly, that you have not been thankful enough to God, for his benefits in times past. Sixthly, that you may be thankful that our lot is no worse: we might have famine, or pestilence, or war, or tyranny, or all together. And lastly, to end my sermon, you may learn to offer with more understanding the prayer of your infancy: 'Give us this day our daily bread.' The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the forge bellows."

CHARLES QUILL.

"I am an old fellow," says Cowper in one of his letters to Hurdis, "but I had once my dancing days, as you have now; yet I never could find that I learned half so much of a woman's character by dancing with, as by conversing with her at home, when I could observe her behaviour at the table, at the fireside, and all the trying circumstances of domestic life. We are all good when we are pleased; but she is the good woman who wants not the fiddle to sweeten her."

"She" (the Government) says Col. Benton, "has lost her revenues." This acknowledgment needs no further comment than this:—For sixteen years, during which time the Bank of the United States was the depository of the public funds, not a dollar of them was lost to the country. Portland Advertiser.

The following is an extract from an elegant Oration delivered by Col. Daniel M. Barringer, in Concord, N. C. on the 4th of July, 1837:

And what, my countrymen, is to be the final destiny of this our country? Shall time soon inscribe his epitaph o'er the grave of our liberty? Is there any thing in the long vista of the future to cast gloom and apprehension around the heart of the patriot? Does the same fate await us, that befell the ancient republics, and all the free nations that have lived before us?

"They were," but they are not. Gone, glimmering through the things that were, A shadowy tale—the wonder of an hour."

And what crushed their ruin? These are the anxious inquiries that crowd the mind of the reflecting lover of his own country on a day like this. What solemn responsibility does this republic owe to itself and to all future ages. If this great experiment of self-government, under all the advantages of success which we enjoy, shall fail, when and where again shall the sun of freedom rise, and its vestal fires burn with such a virgin brightness? Let the people be loyal to themselves, let them lay aside the besetting sins, and take warning from the recorded misfortunes of republics. We must know our dangers and be ready to avert them. To preserve the blessings of liberty, we must practice the great lessons of our own revolution; let principle alone be the rule of public action, as it is the only standard of private morals.

This is the only beacon light that can guide us in safety. No exploits however brilliant, no public services however great should mislead us into the support of measures which destroy the landmark of liberty, the sacred rights of person and property, or invade in the smallest degree the forms and securities of constitutional government. It is not sufficient that a man shall have been a great benefactor, or shall have even ventured his life in the defence of his country, to entitle him to an indefinite and unwatchful confidence. The most despicable usurpers have thus served their country. The coffers of Rome were filled by her Caesar, and the world with the splendor of his achievements. Yet Caesar passed the Rubicon and Rome kneeled to her master. Even England embraced the usurpation of a tyrant under the Republican name of "Protector of the Commonwealth," and France, his beloved France, was dragged a bleeding victim at the heels of her emperor, while he bestrode Europe like a Colossus, and kingdoms vanished at his touch. The very fields of France proclaimed the desolation of his tyranny. The history of her woes is written in blood. Yet Napoleon was the idol of Frenchmen, the glorified hero of his country.

Oh! why multiply examples? Power will intoxicate; men will be ambitious. Perhaps they should be so; but it should be the ambition faithfully to serve, not to enslave their country; the virtuous ambition of a Washington, not the vaulting desire of the imperial conqueror. A generous confidence towards their rulers is the attribute of a free people. When surrounded with a cautious wisdom it is a noble virtue. Without this defence it is an instrument of destruction, ready for the use of the first slave to a false ambition or an over-weening vanity, pampered by the grovelling parasites of power, for their own aggrandizement; who boast of their servility to their chief, and crawl through their own slime, to the footstool of authority for office.

Let the people then be distrustful of those in authority, holding them at all times in strict accountability to themselves, as the only rightful source of power, and to the laws which they have imposed on their servants for their own security. By their fruits shall ye know them. If they be evil, let the axe be laid to the root without reluctance—without commiseration. Neither, my friends, can liberty be destroyed by a first and single blow. It must be assailed by secret and gradual innovations. The fruit must be ripe before it is plucked. The attacks of despotism are often unobserved and sometimes connived at. Like the silent filterings of the water, through the embankment of a mighty river, which confines its terrors; at first, they are disregarded for their insignificance, till at last, the wide break is cleared, and the land is overspread with a ruinous inundation which no human effort can arrest. Oppose, then, the very first and smallest advances of the invader of constitutional freedom. "External vigilance is the price of liberty," whether it be assailed by the bare arm of open usurpation, or by the still more dangerous enemy of false pretences, under the forms of the laws and the constitution. Wicked ambition has a thousand disguises. Sometimes it rides on the chariot wheels of the laurel-decked warrior—sometimes it assumes the garb of a fanatical sanctity of morals and religion, as detestable in the State as it is concealed in treacherous professions of regard for the laws and constitution, and of unbounded devotion to the people.

"It is the fair colors of the public good, And to offset its ends, pretends the State, A State, by its affliction stood."

It must be firmly met and overcome on its first approach and in its very shape. Delay is dangerous. Habitual

submission is more than a second nature in governments; for the precedent of to-day, becomes the law to-morrow. Private indolence is disgrace, public apathy is death. Private enterprise is wealth, public spirit is safety.

In politics, as in religion, there are sins of omission as well as commission. Not, my friends, that we would have all in our country to be professed and hackneyed politicians. Heaven deliver us from such a trading herd—fit only for the shambles of the market-place—offering themselves in self degradation to the highest bidder, and hungering for office with the vile proverb of the mendicant, that "beggars must not be choosers." Such a vile crew would be more exhausting to your treasury than the bought legions of Rome; more voracious of your substance than the locusts of Egypt; and more poisonous to the life-blood of Republican liberty than the Simoon of the desert. But we would have every citizen of a free republic to be acquainted with the fundamental principles of his government; to know his rights, and dare to maintain them; to cherish a disinterested public spirit; to perform all his public duties with promptness and alacrity; and especially, never to slight by omission that great public privilege, which is the corner stone of the building—the right of suffrage—untrammelled and intelligent exercise of which is so essential to the preservation of liberty. Sometimes in our country, it is mortifying to hear, otherwise good men, express the utmost indifference about public affairs. "It was not worth their time or trouble to vote, or perform other public duties; it was of no moment to them who filled this station on that; if others could live and prosper under any kind of laws, they could too." Such sentiments are as dangerous as they are humiliating and unworthy a freeman. Of what avail is it, my friends, to toil and labor if we shall not reap? To accumulate during a life-time, and hoard up for our offspring, a wealth that may be swept away by the very next generation, by a ruthless tyranny, the seeds of which were sown in our own day, grew up under our own negligence, and were certain of maturity, unless blighted in the germ by those who alone had the power and the motives to destroy them? Do we owe nothing to the memory of our ancestors? It was not so with them, else we should not have been free. Do we owe nothing to ourselves; to our posterity; to mankind; to the cause of liberty herself? If we would fulfil these obligations, we must keep our loins girded and lights burning. Freedom must not be sacrificed at the altar of avarice. It is by perseverance alone, that we can continue to enjoy the rewards of an honest industry. We must beware too of the day of prosperity; when the thief cometh as in the night-time, then will corruption that bane of republics, be most ready to undermine our institutions by depraving public virtue, and introducing "luxury's contagion weak and vile." These will penetrate where the sword cannot divide asunder. Greece, noble Greece, was already humbled by her corruption for the yoke of the Macedonian. Rome in her meridian pride was a traitor to herself; and with her own treasure the price of her own corruption, built the throne of the Caesars on the ruins of public liberty. Yes, my friends, liberty may be sold—and the people pay the tribute money. What cannot be effected by violence and audacity, will be assayed through fraud, intrigue and corruption. The very representatives of the people may be employed to mislead them. Those whom they have placed as sentinels on the watch-towers of freedom, may either sleep upon their posts, or be bribed and seduced to utter the false cry of "Alls well," and "Peace," when there is no peace: bribed by reward or the hope thereof—and seduced by the base fear of losing the emoluments of a station, of which they never were worthy. These are the men who seek popularity by the low arts of hypocrisy—not as the result of an honest and efficient performance of public duty; the men who are without credit to themselves—honour to their place—or benefit to the public.

Yes, my friends, demagogues may infect us with the breath of their hollow and unprincipled professions of devotion to our interests. With all the colors of the rainbow, and all the devices of the hypocrite, they often succeed, for a time, in leading even an honest and virtuous people from the paths of truth. We are caught with the illusion, until the bubble bursts—and we are amazed in the midst of our ruin, at our own credulity. Whatever may be the fluctuations of public opinion, the demagogue is sure to be in the majority. His province is not to guide, inform, and be himself governed by a well-enlightened public mind; but to float upon the stream—and the more the waters are troubled, the better are his chances for the surface. Sometimes indeed, the flood retires and leaves him to rot and decay—the despised victim of his own artifice and rashness. Sometimes they are punished with scorn, sometimes drowned in the torrents of public indignation. Defeat does not discourage. If opportunity presents, the political wolf will again appear in sheep's clothing—pandering to the prejudices of the ignorant—prostituting the fair names of the "people's man," and the "poor man's friend"—and arraying one class of the community against another, as if the in-

terests of all in a free country were not indissolubly linked together. If he be secure in the object of his infamous deception, he will "laugh at our calamity, and mock when our fear cometh," contemptible as such men are, they often prove dangerous. A pigny may do an injury which a giant cannot repair.

Trust none such, my countrymen, with the high behests of delegated authority. Let none be your representatives, who will not speak the truth without fear; none, who do not make integrity the rule of their conduct in public and private life; none, who are without loyalty to the constitution; the capacity to understand; the talents to enforce; the honesty to uphold; and the nerve to defend, at every hazard, the great rights of the people, the great principles of a pure and uncorrupted self-government. Beware too, of the overshadowing influence of Executive power and patronage. "Power is continually stealing from the many to the few," and while you are sustaining with cheerfulness, the just pretensions of the General Government, never surrender the undoubted rights of the State. Never yield the freedom of the press; the freedom of elections; the freedom of speech and religion; cherish a virtuous love of country and let knowledge reach every home. These are the great pillars of our safety—let them be preserved and no misfortune shall darken our prospects. They apply to all times and circumstances of our country—let these eternal things be taught by father, mother and son to the latest posterity. Let each rising generation swear by the memories of the past, and the glories of the future, eternal hatred, not indeed like Hannibal, against a single foe, but against all the enemies, foreign and domestic of our land and liberty.

These my countrymen are our dangers—these our hopes. But we would not indulge in melancholy forebodings. Ever to despair of the Republic, is unworthy a freeman; and more especially of us here assembled, my friends, who tread the soil, breathe the air, and whose daily life is among the descendants of that daring little band, who were the first, by more than a year, in our country, "to absolve themselves from all allegiance to the British crown," and "to declare themselves a free and independent people"—who counted not the cost when liberty was endangered, and whose chivalry and patriotism have done undying honor to themselves, and to our State.

Yes, my countrymen, we do cherish an abiding faith in the perpetuity of our institutions. Though the storms and tempests of adversity may threaten us for a time, they shall vanish beneath the redeeming virtue and energies of our people, and the purifying influence of our principles. By their magic touch, the dead corps of public credit, and public prosperity shall spring upon its feet. The ship of State shall be righted; already has she buffeted many a wave, and rode in triumph o'er the billows of the ocean. She will still proudly sail, with the flag of our Union, unfurled to the breeze; and at each recurring anniversary of our country's independence, the still faithful crew will make her fast in the harbor of safety, with new riches to her cargo, and new lustre to the stars and stripes of her gorgeous ensign, "still gallantly streaming." While our countrymen shall supplicate the God of their Fathers that every return of the glorious day may find them a greater wiser, better and happier people—and again join in our national anthem: "The star spangled Banner! O! long may it wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

*The County of Cabarrus is a part of the "Old" County of Mecklenburg, and fully represented in the meeting which declared their independence on 20th May 1775, as will appear by reference to the proceedings, and the names of the signers of the Declaration.

POLITICAL DIVISIONS.

The contest now going on among the leaders of the Jackson party must not be misunderstood. To suppose that the great mass of voters who sustained these leaders are separating into two great divisions, and organizing under their respective chiefs, is an egregious error.

The producing classes in this country, who constitute the great body of voters, are desirous of good government, wisely, honestly, administered. A large portion of them rallied to the support of Gen. Jackson, believing that their object and purposes would thereby be accomplished. They yielded to the General, and to the politicians who declared in his favor, their ardent, unqualified support, sustained him and them in the great plans of public policy which they recommended, without hesitation or wavering, with zeal, activity and unshaken confidence. The plans have been carried into practical operation, and have proved not only abortive, but ruinous.

The leaders, looking over the field of these experiments, encounter mortification and disappointment on every side. For the purpose of saving themselves, each is undertaking to throw the blame upon the other, and the language of recrimination and rebuke is already heard among them. One portion exclaims to the other, that they have carried the experiment too far, altogether beyond the original design. They are answered from the opposite side, that as yet the process has not been consummated—that they must go on and complete it.

In the mean time, their frowning

supporters look in and say, you all promised us a fortunate result—you pretended to know the whole operation and effect of the plans; they have failed, signally failed, and you, all of you, have proved that you neither deserved our confidence nor support. The party, the rank and file, the voters, have been cajoled, cheated and betrayed; they will not trust either of you—they will seek out some other men, upon whom they may place reliance, against whom, in times past, they have been arrayed in violent opposition, but by whom they have never been deceived, plundered, and ruined.

It Kives Tallmadge, and men of that school, or Van Buren, Benton, Wright, and men of that school, expect a continuance of public support; they will be sadly mistaken.

All have shown themselves ignorant, unskillful statesmen—and all the new theories and doctrines they may publish will not restore to them the deluded confidence of the rank and file—of the men who do the labor and constitute the votes. They want workmen who understand their business—who are adequate to the task which they undertake. They will not again employ builders (however well they first came recommended) whose banking house or mansion fell in ruins before the roof was fairly on. It will do no good to get certificates of character and competency; it will do no good for the mason to throw the blame upon the carpenter, or the carpenter upon the mason; the building is in ruins, and that is enough to justify the employment of another set of hands. N. Y. Star.

The correspondent of the Nat. Intelligencer in the following paragraph, gives to the late party movement in New York the importance which we have been from the first convinced it deserved.

The party press every day affords evidence that Tammany has not spoken in vain, in denouncing the metallic currency and avowing its adhesion to a credit system. Some of the party papers may make wry faces at thus being made to swallow their protestations against Banks and Bank rage. But there is no help for them. Tammany has decreed it, and "to this complexion they must come at last."

"Tammany is heard. I told you but the other day that Tammany never speaks in vain. The 'rag barons' of Tammany are, after all, the monarchs of the U. States. Virginia, the mother of empires, might have spoken for months; Pennsylvania, the key-stone State, for years, and have spoken in vain; but to Mr. Van Buren, a hut from the bricks and mortar of Tammany is significant. When a few men in Tammany speak Jupiter omnipotent was not more powerful when he shook his 'ambrosial locks.' New York humbugs, but never permits herself to be humbugged. Massachusetts never humbugs, or is humbugged. Virginia never humbugs, but is ever humbugged. Pennsylvania humbugs, and is humbugged. These are characteristics of leading States which Mr. Van Buren well understands. I never knew, in the history of all our politics, more important movements than have been going on in the state of New York for three weeks past. They affect the destiny of this whole country for years. Every man should watch the details with the keenest eye. Thank God! (and I write it with the devotion of my whole heart and soul) 'the archetypes of ruin' no longer reign. Satan and his idols are tumbled down. A new race, new men new times are to spring up. The Goths may prepare to quit the Capitol. The Capitoline Hill is to be trodden by other men: and the way of the criminals is downward, over the Tarpeian rock."

The death of William IV. King of Great Britain, is an event for which we were not prepared by previous information, though he had been for some time in delicate health. He will be succeeded, on the throne, by Victoria, Daughter of the Duke of Kent, (brother of the late King,) who, having already attained the prescribed age, now becomes Queen, being the first female that has wielded the British sceptre since the reign of Queen Anne.

In the present state of the world, the accession of this new Sovereign can hardly be considered an event of much importance. It will bring with it, we suppose, no change of principles into the administration of the Government, unless it add to the strength of the Conservatives.

By the death of William IV., however, the Hanoverian possessions are separated from the British Crown—the Duke of Cumberland (the oldest survivor of the Sons of George III.) becoming, by this event, King of Hanover, by the effect of the Salique law, which prevails in that Government, though not in the British, and excludes female heritance of dominion. This separation will be no loss to Britain, the Government of Hanover having always been to that nation a burden, which the British People, of all classes and all parties, will be glad to have got rid of.

Nat. Intl.

Danger of Moderate Drinking.—Do not say that I exaggerate your exposure to intemperance. Let no man say when he thinks of a drunkard broken in health and spoiled in intellect, "I can never so tall." He thought as little of falling in his earlier years. The promise of his

youth was as bright as yours; and even after he began his downward course, he was as unassuming as the firmest around him, and would have repelled as indignantly the admonition to beware of intemperance. The danger of this vice lies in its almost imperceptible approach. Few who fall by it, know of its excesses. Youth does not see or suspect drunkenness in the sparkling beverage which quickens all its susceptibilities of joy. The invalid does not see it in the cordial which his physician prescribes, and which gives new tone to his debilitated organs. The man of thought and genius detects no palying poison in the draught which seems a spring of inspiration to intellect and imagination. The lover of social pleasure little dreams that the glass which animates conversation will ever be drunk in solitude, and will sink him too low for the intercourse in which he now delights. Intemperance comes with noise, less step, and binds its first cords with a touch too light to be felt. This truth of mournful experience should be treasured up by us all, and should influence the habits and arrangement of domestic and social life in every class of the community. Dr. Channing.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

At the celebration of the Fourth at Providence, Rhode Island, Joseph L. Tillinghast, Esqr., one of the Whig Candidates for Congress, on occasion of some most complimentary to himself, thus recalled, and applied, a proud historical incident of the Rhode Island line, during the darkest period of the Revolutionary War.

In that dark portion of the year 1776 which ensued after the disasters at New York and the retreat from Long Island, the commander-in-chief, was left in the midst of the enemy, with a weary and suffering remnant of an army, and the periods for which those who remained with him had enlisted were expired or about to expire. Enlistments for short terms, it is well known, had caused the most anxious remonstrance from the commanding General to Congress, and were many times during the contest the occasion of imminent peril to the cause. Never was that peril more pressing than at this time. Winter was approaching, the men were worn down with hardships, and their countenances began to brighten with the thoughts of returning, as they had a perfect right to do, to the repose and enjoyments of home. Under such circumstances they were now called out and arrayed for service.

In those lines were the men of Rhode Island—they loved those pleasant homes from which sprung the Green of Red Bank, and the Greene of Eutaw and Galtford; and other Greens who are yet green and flourishing upon their native soil—(here was an interruption from applause, which Mr. T. noticed by saying, I know, Mr. president, that this comment is not for me, but those of this honored name who are now amongst us, and to none is it more justly due than to him who sits by my side, who was especially in my thought.) Some of you who are now in this hall I believe were in those times; one face that I now see before me, I am sure was there. Along the lines of these Rhode Island men rode an officer deputed to address them. After stating the condition of the army, and the consequences that must probably ensue to the country if they should avail themselves of their right to their discharge, he closed by striking that cord which in a true Rhode Island heart is never struck in vain. "Men," said he, "will you now abandon your General? I have told you the consequences to your country—one word as to the consequences to yourselves. You will be dispersed and individually powerless. There will be no armed and organized force between your enemy and your home. The enemy can follow you, they will follow you to your dwellings, and take possession of your wives and sweet-hearts. Now, every man that will stand by his General, and his country, and loves his wife and sweet-heart, advance three paces!" And every Rhode Island man, without an instant's hesitation, stepped forward three paces.

These three steps in front, preserved the American army—saved, perhaps, the American cause. What would have been the result had the troops then taken their discharge, none could then predict, none can now see. But America, then, aided by alliances, her General, retreating before, and encompassed by his enemies, and at last abandoned by his army, could have exhibited little prospect of success in the eyes of other nations.

That heroic remnant remained, and endured the hardships of a winter camp and a winter campaign. From these came at length the rescue of the cause and of the country. They were called the shadow of an army—but that shadow was gathered around a strong and majestic tower, and that tower was Washington. That shadow bounded the horizon and awed and circumscribed the action of the choice military tacticians of Britain, revealing in the spoils of victory in New York and Pennsylvania. In that shadow, spirits of power walked the snowy ground by night as well as by day, and from that shadow bright and glorious spirits soon broke forth to light up the countenances and cheer up the hearts of their countrymen with the splendor of Trenton and Princeton.

From that shadow, in fine, came the light which afterwards led constant

and unerringly to victory, independence and peace, and which has enabled us at this time to be as we now are, offering in terms of triumph our gratitude to those who kindled its beams and maintained its fires. And while a heart remains capable of appreciating the virtues of that period of trial, let not the true heroism, the sacrifices and selfdevotion of the old Rhode Island Soldier, be forgotten.

I propose for a toast:

The State of Rhode Island.—Worthy of her heroes; and her heroes worthy of her.

THE BLESSINGS OF WEDLOCK.

It is a lock has many troubles, celibacy has no enjoyments, this cannot be denied, if we are cured with single blessedness in old age, for it is time that settles the argument. The Paradise of Bachelors is youth, when life is enjoyment in itself, the purgatory is old age when every thing naturally grows dull and tasteless, yes it is when man becomes the weary traveller, when time the destroyer of all youth and vigor has preyed upon his system for many years, and he begins to struggle with the infirmities consequent upon old age that the superior blessings of wedlock are felt in those simple endearments and consolations which are ever admitted to belong to the married state.

The old man is then no miserable outcast though he cannot move in the gay and fashionable circles of society yet he has friends and occupation in his children. He delights in the growth of their minds—their pursuits, acquisitions and success. He has a living steadiness of the heart—he has a revival of gentle thoughts and consecrated memories, he is cheered and animated by a consciousness that he has contributed to the increase of his country's good, by having bequeathed the noble gifts of life and mind to those who will honor his memory when he is gone. It is surely worth more than the detested name of Bachelor to be able to say when the world is closing on us that we have not lived in vain.

FRANKLIN.

WOMEN & A BROKEN HEART.

"When I see a child," said the clock-maker, "I always feel safe with the woman folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child."

"You seem," said I, "to understand the broken heart so well. I make no doubt you are a general favorite among the fair sex."

"My man," he replied, "that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are just alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. Incourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but rather the sulky ones like blazes."

"People talk an everlasting sight of nonsense about wine, women and horses. I've bought and sold 'em; I've traded in all of 'em, and I tell you there ain't one in a thousand that knows a grain about either one 'em. You hear folks say, 'Oh, such a man is an ugly grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart;' just as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pip-stick. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is just like a new India rubber sheet you may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em."

"I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in 'Cother sex, one Washington Banks. He was a 'sinner. He was tall enough to spit down upon the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charleston river, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law, and catechism too. He was a perfect pet of a man; you couldnt fault him in no particular; he was so just a grade critter; folks used to run to the window when he passed, and say, 'there goes Washington Banks, beant he lovely?' I do believe there wasn't a gal in the Low-ell factories that wasn't in love with him."

"Well, when I last seed him he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was tee-totally deflated, a mere walking skeleton. 'I am dreadfully sorry,' says I, 'to see you, Banks, lookin' so perked; why, you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on earth ails you?' 'I am dyin', says he, 'of a broken heart.' 'What,' says I, 'have the gals been jilting you?' 'No, no,' says he, 'I beant such a fool as that neither.' 'Well,' says I, 'have you made a bad speculation?' 'No,' says he, 'shakin' his head, 'I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that.' 'What under the sun is it, then?' said I. 'Why,' says he, 'I made a bet for the part of summer with Lieutenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet, but the anchor was so eternal heavy it broke my heart.' Sure enough, he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heered tell of a broken heart."

SAM SLICK.

A couple of green horns, having a mind to try the effects of a little soda water, of which they had "hearn tell" much, but never tasted, went into a bar room and ordered a glass. After it was

drawn, one of 'em placed it on the counter while he poured a fourpenny bit wherewith to pay the scot, by which time the surface of the sparkling beverage had settled into a perfect calm, and then taking a swallow, he passed it to his companion, and so they imbibed it, to the bottom of the goblet, in alternative swigs, just as they would take a mug of flip or blackrap. When the dose was finished, they stood looking at each other with rather a rueful expression of countenance. "By hokey," said one, "it tastes all-fired pucky." "I saw," exclaimed the other, "if 'twasnt for the name of soda water, I'd just as soon take a horn out of marm's pearlish bottle."

Bangor Farmer.



HILLSBOROUGH.

Monday, August 7.

Election News.

We have just received the cheering intelligence that Mr. Stanley, the Whig candidate in the third Congressional district of this State, has been elected by a majority of 700 votes over Mr. Wilson, his Van Buren competitor.

We further learn by private correspondence, from the Newbern District, that Mr. Shepard has beaten Mr. Mosely, the Van Buren candidate, by a majority of between four or five hundred votes. A glorious and unexpected result.

Maryland.—The election for members of Congress has just terminated in this State. 4 Whigs and 4 Van Buren men have been elected. The result manifests a considerable increase in the force of the Whigs in that State, by the reduced majorities of their opponents.

Mississippi.—A few returns from this State bespeak a Waterloo defeat for Van Burenism. Present returns give Prentiss and Acee the Whig candidates, more than two to one over Claiborne and Gholson, the Van Burenists.

THE ROLESVILLE COMMITTEE'S ADDRESS.

An address on the Congressional Election, purporting to be exclusively for the people of Wake, has casually fallen into our hands. As it is issued as an extra Standard, and we have reason to believe it will be circulated in every portion of the district with that paper—and as these are very "extraordinary times"—we conceive it to be our duty to notice a few of the arguments and opinions contained in it.

The gentlemen whose names are affixed to the Address, are doubtless honest in their opinions, and we believe are actuated by a regard for the public good. If we know our own heart, such is the motive which admonishes us of our duty to maintain the principles we profess. We and the signers are at issue; it remains for us to demonstrate the error of their position before we can expect the public to coincide with our opinion.

The principle topic in the Address is the Bank question; and the authors seem disposed to make the election turn simply on this. We deprecate this issue, and hope that the people will not bind their representative to support or oppose any measure which prejudice may condemn or theory devise. Let them remember that what is grand and imposing in theory may be destructive in reality; and that illy-excited prejudices banished an Aristides and a Themistocles—benefactors of their country. Elect your representative with regard to his "honesty, capability, and faithfulness to the Constitution," and trust to his decision. Bind him not to any measure; for this you would make him the slave of party; and his acts would be directed to the promotion of his own popularity and not your best interests. Propositions may be made to Congress exactly suited to our wants, and which we wot not of; Shall we bind our representative to vote against them, or shall we leave his judgment free, and hold him responsible at the polls? The latter is certainly the most judicious policy, and is the very essence of Republicanism.

The committee in endeavoring to make the issue turn on the question of Bank or no Bank, have drawn an imaginary picture of Bank influence. We know that it has some influence. The very fact of its regulating the exchanges of the country, and of its giving superior advantages to the operations of commerce, would give it influence. But it has no compulsory influence. If it had, why could it not withstand the attack of Gen. Jackson? Bank influence is obtained in the same way with individual influence—by its moral worth and usefulness. The

idea advanced by the committee, of the transformation of the whole nature of a man when he turns a "Bank Whig"—and of its causing him to sacrifice the "courtesies and charities of life," is truly ridiculous. It must be that while the committee have been chagrined at the change, and in their conversation have dealt out the opprobrious terms of "Federalists, Nullifiers, and Tories" the honest man, who at last had been able to see through the mist of prejudice, has turned off in disgust, and that this is the want of courtesy complained of.

The committee charge the bank with influencing its friends to take sides against our country in her dispute with France! when it is notorious that Congress manifested a spirit to act in solid phalanx on this question. It is true that some Whig members thought and said that the President was rash; but did not the whole Congress speak the same thing by resolution? Just so with Mexico too. And with regard to Florida; the Whigs only blame the Administration for not complying with Gen. Clinch's request for the grant of a larger number of troops in that quarter; which would save the sacrifice of many a noble son.

The other charges against the Bank have been refuted a thousand times, and we deem it unnecessary to reiterate what has been said. We will only state that notwithstanding the many charges which have been made against it—among which is its insolvency—it notes always have been at par, and now command a premium while those of the pet banks are at a discount.

The committee deny the efficacy of a Bank in relieving us from pecuniary distress. It is well known to you that until within a few years we had the best currency on earth—that our paper money was as good as the gold and silver—that remittance could be made from one extreme of the Union to another without the least difficulty. The want of this kind of money is the principle feature of the present distress. Give our citizens a currency which will not require some five or ten per cent to export or exchange, and they will not long be borne down. Immediately commerce would be resuscitated and prosperity commence anew.

In relation to the power of Congress to restrict the powers of a bank, the committee and ourselves disagree. All banks have been restricted; and we have no record of one ever yet taking away the liberty of a people; but we have seen one destroyed by the arm of one single man, notwithstanding its tremendous powers.

But, as we remarked before, the pending election should not be made a party struggle. The measures to be adopted by Congress will require more than common sagacity to decide upon. And as a substitute for the motto of the committee, we would recommend Thomas Jefferson's qualifications—"Honesty, capability, and faithfulness to the Constitution."

MR. GRAHAM—THE STANDARD.

We admire the apparent good humour with which the editor of the Standard has seen fit to treat our comment on his magnificent attack upon Mr. Graham. But though the article is commendable for its pleasantness, it yet evinces a subtlety and cunning on the part of its author, which would do credit to the expert Reynard, endeavoring by doubling and twisting to avoid his pursuers. The editor for the purpose of drawing us from the consideration of the exalted merits and transcendent abilities of Mr. Graham, has very shrewdly thrown out a bait, by presenting the name of Mr. Calhoun for our vindication. But this will not do; Mr. Calhoun's crimes (if any) together with their justification are before his countrymen—let them decide on his guilt or innocence. We have never favored the Nullification doctrine; Nor have we ever attempted to justify its votaries. "Union—the Constitution and the Laws," has been and ever will be our motto. We deem it not irrelevant to state that Mr. Calhoun has so modified his doctrine as to take away from it the apprehended destructiveness, and render it quite passive; for he would only recommend resistance when evils are insufferable; and he stated in a late speech, that he conceived it an inestimable privilege to be a member of this glorious confederacy. Then, as the leaders of this monstrous doctrine have so far retracted their steps as to free us from the dangers of disunion, let us drop the settled point, and deal in matters more intimately connected with our present welfare.

The editor of the Standard denies charging Mr. Graham with being a Nullifier. We are glad of this; but the public will judge of the Standard's high regard to the claims of justice in dealing with a political opponent, after reading the charge and the denial. Though the suspicious editor may deny that his arti-

cle charges the things upon Mr. G., yet the reader cannot possibly construe it but into a direct charge, or a "degrading variation" for the purpose of imposing the idea upon the people. Let the editor choose between the two. Both contemptible; but the first less heinous.

We have always had an aversion to names without regard to principle. Of what avail is it if we call Mr. Loring a rogue when his whole course of life bespeaks the strictest honesty? Or of what matter is it, if he (or any member of his party) be called a Democrat, when the whole of his talents are directed to the sustenance of Executive authority in contradiction to the will of the Representatives of the people? As well call the sinner a saint, or the infidel a christian. We (our party) have been tauntingly called Whigs, and as whiggery is understood as opposition to Executive usurpations, & has hallowed associations connected with it, we are proud of the name. And we have no objections to be called Bank Whigs, for we believe a National Bank indispensable, for the convenience of trade and exchange. But to be called federalists when our efforts are directed with all their force against consolidation, and in behalf of Republicanism, is too bad. Nor call us Nullifiers—for this is an extreme to which few of us will be willing to go. This way of arguing (and we believe it is the whole lot of the Standard,) that because there are some heterodox persons attached to a party, there are the opinions of the whole, is as base as it is absurd. With what justice could we charge the Administration party with being all old Tories,—because Charles Ingersole one of the leaders of the party in Pennsylvania, has said that if he had been of age during our struggle for emancipation, he would have sided with our enemies? None at all. Then why make such gross charges upon the opposition party because they have heteroclitics?

But to drop this train of remarks—we have high and important interests which are to be acted on in the next Congress; interests which concern our individual welfare and prosperity. Our exchanges are sadly broken up—our currency almost useless—our commerce retarded. A remedy must be applied. What it is we know not. Let us make choice of one for an agent who has the keenness of perception to see the remedy—the judgment and honesty to weigh it minutely, and disencumber it of its dangerous proportions—and the ability to direct and carry it through. Who shall this be? We leave the answer for the people of the district.

FROM FLORIDA.

By the schr. Medium. Capt. Magee, Jr., arrived this morning, we have received the St. Augustine Herald of the 22d inst. from which we copy the following:

Army Movements.—Major Gen. Jesup, who has been detained in this city for a few days past on account of ill health, left here on Saturday morning, in the steam boat Charleston, for Black Creek he had made a call upon our executive for a small force of men; and during his stay here he was busily engaged in organizing mounted and infantry companies for the protection of the frontier settlements for active duty in the field.

It is the intention of Gen. Jesup, as we learn from a source entitled to credit, to embrace without further delay, every favorable opportunity to bring the Seminoles to unconditional submission; and he will, we further learn, require every soldier to be in readiness, to march at a moment's warning to any point where he may deem it necessary to strike a blow, during the summer.

Gen. Jesup is desirous of relying principally upon the Floridians, to terminate this Indian War; and we are pleased with the spirit of chivalry manifested by them wherever his wishes have been made known. The mountain men he intends for active duty—the Infantry are for local defence; and so far as we are informed, his plans are arranged with the circumspection and care of a brave and experienced General, and we hope he may succeed. But whether successful or not, Floridians will do their duty.

There is no accounting for taste.—"Oh mammy," exclaimed a little urchin, "I wish I was an alderman!" "And if you were, Jacky," said the matron, "what would you do?" "What would I do, mother! wouldn't I eat fat bacon all day and swing upon a gate!"

Attention!! BRIGADE ORDERS.

HEAD QUARTERS
Cedar Grove, Orange County, N. C.
July 26 1837

To the Officers commanding the Regiments of the Sixth Brigade North Carolina Militia.

You are hereby commanded to attend at your respective places of parade and review, with the regiments under your commands, equipped as the law directs, with a round of powder, in order to be reviewed, on the following day, viz: the 31st Regiment, in Chatham, on the 9th day of October; the 94th Regiment, in Randolph, on the 11; the 55th Regiment on the 13th, the 56th Regiment on the 14th; the 49th Regiment, in Orange, on the 17th; the 48th Regiment on the 19th; and the 47th Regiment on the 21st of October.

BENJAMIN TROLINGER, Aid.
By order of
JOSEPH ALLISON, Brig. Gen.
6th Brigade N. C. Militia.
August 4, 81—

MARRIED.

In this county, on the 27th July last, by the Rev. David Roberts, Mr. JOHN LODGMART, late of Greensborough, Ala., to Miss TEMPERANCE HARRIS, daughter of Robert Harris, esq. deceased.

Obituary.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Died, in this county on Friday the 28th of July, LOUISA HOLDEK, daughter of Thomas W. Holden, esq. in the 9th year of her age. The writer of this notice feels unwilling to lay down his pen without noticing something more connected with this interesting little girl. Her modesty, her mild disposition, her sweetness of temper, never failed to attract the attention, and gain the admiration of all who knew her. She ever appeared as innocent as a lamb, and as harmless as a dove. When wasted to a shadow by disease, her little frame racked with pain, the wide ocean of eternity in sight, and death with all its horrors present, her mind appeared unruffled; nothing dared to affright her. Says she, "my blessed saviour, I love him, for he loved me. I have a message for the sabbath school children; tell them that I am gone to Heaven, and they must meet me there." O! what a moment! The anxious group in death-like stillness stand around the bed of the dying child. She reclines on the arm of her father, who kneels at her bed side; her breath is short; her dark eyelashes had almost met; her pulse irregular and quick. The deep sighs and sobs of all around spoke forth their emotion. But death determined upon his prey, would wait no longer; forth from his arrowy quiver flew the fatal shaft, which penetrated the veil of mortality, through which a stream of light from the bright world above darted into her soul. Her eye appeared to catch an object that was high and unearthly; her countenance changed in an instant, and seemed to reflect the light of some bright intelligence of Heaven, which put human nature to the blush, and caused every thing of an earthly character to sink into utter insignificance. The sweet smile still played upon her lips. The wishful, the anxious expression of the eye, was still apparent; animation seemed to have returned, and life appeared rekindled in her visage. It was the stamp of immortality upon the soul, the impress of which remained in her countenance. The spirit had fled. The anxious father held naught in his arms but the casket of clay in which once dwelt the life of his child. She is gone. Louisa Holden—sleep on, sweet child; thy little body rests in thy mortal repose. Each returning spring fresh flowers will bloom on thy grave; the little birds will forsake thee not, but continue to hover around thee, and pour forth their songs so sweet; and we, who mourn thy loss, will never forget thee; we will endeavor so to live, that when the summons comes we may be prepared to meet thee in the sky, where parting will be no more forever.

A.

Weekly Almanac.

AUGUST.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	2 more
4 Friday.	5 8 6 52	5 9 6 51	2 more
5 Saturday.	5 9 6 51	5 10 6 50	2 more
6 Sunday.	5 10 6 50	5 11 6 49	2 more
7 Monday.	5 11 6 49	5 12 6 48	2 more
8 Tuesday.	5 12 6 48	5 13 6 47	2 more
9 Wednesday.	5 13 6 47	5 14 6 46	2 more
10 Thursday.	5 14 6 46	5 15 6 45	2 more

LOOK AT THIS!!
N. C. State Lottery,
For the benefit of the Salisbury Academy,
Class No. 14, for 1837,
To be drawn at Bethania, Stokes county, on Thursday, 10th August.
75 No. Lottery—14 Drawn Ballots.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of 10,000 Dollars.	
1 Prize of 3,000 do.	
1 Prize of 2,000 do.	
6 Prizes of 1,000 do.	
&c. &c. &c.	
Whole Tickets,	\$4 00
Halves,	2 00
Quarters,	1 00
All prizes payable in CASH, forty days after the drawing, subject to a deduction of fifteen per cent.	
Tickets for sale in the greatest variety of numbers, at my Office one door above the store of Walker Anderson & Co. in Hillsborough, N. C.	
AILEN PARKS, Agent.	
July 27, 80—	
N. B. Thomas has on hand, and will continue to keep a supply of excellent New Four and Lion Brand for retail.	
He has also a quantity of Good SALT for sale.	
July 29, 79—	



From the Baltimore Chronicle.

Happening, a day or two since, to lay our hand on an old edition of Gay's Fables, we came, by chance, upon the following. The reader will not fail to recognize in the Lion, the late head of the Executive—in the Fox, the 'brief and explicit' author of the letter to Sherrod Williams, and in the Geese, the 'dear people,' who have been galled to their heart's content, by the promise of the blessings which were to

"Attend the nation,
Under this good Administration."
How truly does it exhibit the manner in which the present state of affairs in this ill-fated country has been brought about. One would almost believe that the author had, with a prophetic eye, our very times full in his view.

THE LION, THE FOX AND THE GEES.

A Lion, tird with state affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv'd [re-note from noise and strife]
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaimed; the day was set;
Behold the gen'ral council met;
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd;
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face;
The crowd admires his wit, his sense,
Each word hath weight and consequence;
The flatterer all his art displays;
He who hath power is sure of praise.
A Fox steps forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng addressed:

How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honest school!
What clemency his temper wags!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land;
His brain hath stratagem and art,
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!

He said. A Goose who distant stood,
Marv'ld apart the cackling brood.
When'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
But prais'd what mightily commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration.
For this government may prize
As gentle, plentiful and wise.
If I enjoy these sweets, my plain,
We geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What have you now shall this our race!
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste and seem polite,
Will feed on geese both noon and night.

Particular Providence.—For my own part I fully enter into the sentiment of an ancient writer, that it would not be worth while to live in a world that was not governed by a Providence. Nothing is so tranquillizing and consolatory amid the shiftings and fluctuations and uncertainties of an inconstant world, as the firm belief that my family and myself are wholly dependent on the sleepless and unremitting care of my reconciled God and father; that he views not with indifference what can affect us either with good or with ill; that every drop in the ocean of miseries is in his hand and at his disposal, and that he is making all things work together for our good. His eye is upon every hour of my existence—his spirit intimately present to every thought of my heart. His hand impresses a direction upon every footstep of my going. Every breath I inhale is drawn in by an energy which God deals out to me. This body which, upon the slightest derangement, would become the prey to death or of awful sufferings, is now at ease, because He is at this moment warding off a thousand dangers and upholding the thousand movements of its complex and delicate machinery. His presiding influence keeps me through the whole current of my restless and ever changing history. When I walk by the way he is along with me. When I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of him, he never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirits have sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of Him who never slumbers, is upon me; I cannot fly from his presence. Go where I will, He attends me and cares for me. And the same Being who is now at work in the remotest dominion of Nature and Providence, is always at my right hand to eke out every moment of my being, and to uphold me in the exercise of all my feelings and of all my faculties. *Orig. Mem.*

Want of Evidence.—There is a pleasant anecdote told of the late revered Judge P., who was no less known for the integrity of his legal decisions, than for his court wit. The crew of a vessel brought into his court a complaint alleging the unwholesomeness of the provisions laid in for the voyage and clamorous damages for this misusage. One of the evidences, in support of the charge,

was an apparently mouldy sea biscuit. The "opening" counsel produced this during his exordium, and it was handed incidentally to the Judge. The cause proceeded in due form, and when the complainant's counsel was proceeding with the citation of proofs to sustain his client's cause, the mouldy biscuit was not to be found; great reliance was placed on this. It had, however, unaccountably disappeared. At length one of the jurymen reminded the counsel he had handed it to the judge; who, it appears, little by little, as the cause had proceeded, had inadvertently eaten it up. The hearty laugh was irrepressible, and it was needless, perhaps, to add, the complainants were foiled in the prosecution—evidently a spite-action against their captain and owners.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Orange County.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
May Term, 1837.

Thomas Holloway, Wright Holloway, John Horne and wife Betsey, and others, vs. John Leathers & James Latta, ex'rs of Thomas Holloway, dec'd. Petition to account and for distribution.

IT appearing to the Court in this case, that Bramilian Holloway, David Holloway, the heirs of Elizabeth Trice, Wyatt Harrod & wife Agnes, John Whitaker & wife Susan, and John Woods, are not residents of this state; it is ordered by the court that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, for the space of five weeks, of the pendency of this suit, that the said defendants may appear at the next term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be holden for Orange County, on the 4th Monday of August next, then and there to answer, plead or demur to the said petition, otherwise the same shall be taken pro confesso as to them, and heard ex parte.

J. TAYLOR, c. c. Price adv. \$5 00 80—

Stray Mule.

STRAYED from the subscriber, on Cain Creek, six miles from Mount Airy, on the 2d inst., a brown female MULE, thirteen years old, had a sore on its back, caused by the saddle; no other mark recollected. Any information respecting said mule will be thankfully received and a reasonable reward will be given for the recovery of the same.

JAMES MINNIS 80—

The Raleigh Register and Greensborough Telescope will insert the above three weeks, and send their accounts to the office for collection.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Orange County.
In Equity—March Term, 1837

John Hutchins and others vs. Charles W. Johnston and others. Original bill. Appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendants, Frances E. Potter, Lucy Mitchell and Martha Mitchell are not inhabitants of this state, it is therefore ordered by the court that advertisement be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks, for the said defendants and all the other heirs at Court (if any) of Jam. C. Mitchell deceased, to appear at the next term of this Court, to be holden in Hillsborough, on the 2nd Monday of September next, then and there to plead answer or demur in writing, or the same will be taken pro confesso as to them, and decreed accordingly.

JAMES WEBB, c. c. 70—

LOOK AT THIS!



LATIMER & MEBANE,
We have just received from New York and Philadelphia, and now offer for sale, the largest and best assortment of

Rich and Fashionable DRY GOODS

ever offered in this market, amongst which are almost every article of

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,

ALSO
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats and Shoes,

besides many other articles too tedious to mention. The Goods were principally purchased with cash, and will be sold low for the same.

LATIMER & MEBANE.
Cash will be given for 5000 bushels of Wheat.

September 6. 35—

For Sale,

LINSEED OIL. Also, a small lot of FLOUR. Also, a small lot of FLOUR. Also, a small lot of FLOUR.

CASH for GOODS will be given for FLAX SEED.

O. F. LONG & Co. March 2. 59—

Mail Arrangements.

ALL Letters to go by either of the Stages, should be lodged in the Post Office before six o'clock P. M. on mail days.

THOS. CLANCY, P. M. June 1. 72—

Flour and Meal for Sale.

N. B. Thomas has on hand, and will continue to keep a supply of excellent New Flour and Corn Meal for retail.

July 20. 79—

FIVE CENTS REWARD.

RAN away from the subscriber, on the 8th inst., a bound boy by the name of HENRY BOWERS, abt. of sixteen years of age. All persons are hereby warned from harboring or employing said boy, under the penalty of the law.

JOHN BURROUGHS June 12. 78—3w

SPRING GOODS.

O. F. LONG & Co.

WE have just received and now offer for sale at their old stand, their Spring supply, consisting of every variety of Goods usually kept by the merchants of this place, viz:

A large and general assortment of Dry Goods, &c.

COMPRISING
Gentlemen and Boy's Summer Clothing,
Printed Muslin, Ginghams,
French Calico,
Black and Coloured Silks, &c. &c.

ALSO
Hardware and Cutlery,
Shot Guns,
Hats, and Shoes,
Bonnets,
Crockery,
Cotton Yarn,
School Books, Stationary, &c.

All of which they will sell at the lowest prices for Cash, or on a short credit to punctual dealers only.

N. B. All persons having open accounts either on the books of R. Nichols & Co. or of O. F. Long & Co. up to the first of May, are requested to call and close the same with cash or note, as circumstances make it absolutely necessary that their business should be settled up to that time.

May 18. 70

Hillsborough Academy.

THE Fall Session will commence on the 4th of August.

W. J. BINGHAM, Principal. June 29. 76—3w

The Raleigh papers will insert the above three times.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the firm of HUNTINGTON & LYNCH, are requested to call and settle their respective accounts with the subscriber, as they wish to settle their business as soon as possible.

LEMUEL LYNCH. May 4. 68—

THE subscriber has on hand a neat assortment of
Jewellery, Fancy Goods, Clocks, Watches, &c. &c.

which will be sold very low.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery repaired with neatness and despatch.

LEMUEL LYNCH. May 4. 68—

New Monthly Magazine.

ON the 1st of July, 1837, will be published, beautifully printed, on good paper, of an extra large royal octavo size, and neatly stitched in a colored cover, the first number of a new periodical work, entitled

The Gentleman's Magazine.

EDITED BY
William E. Burton, Philadelphia,

To whom all original communications for the work will be addressed.

The announcement of a new periodical in the present state of affairs, may create some feeling of surprise, but having contemplated an alteration in the nature of a very popular monthly publication, "Every Body's Album," the proprietor deems it best to proceed in the published arrangements, and produce a periodical embodying the most wholesome points of the old work, but conducted with sufficient energy and talent to insure the success of their new arrangements. The respectable and extensive subscription list of the Album, to which this work is designed as a successor, will at once place the Gentleman's Magazine in a circulation equal to that of any other monthly work in the United States, and guarantee the continuance of its publication, with the certainty of payment to the enterprise of the proprietors.

The contents of the Gentleman's Magazine will, in every respect, be answerable to the meaning of the title. We do not pretend, in our literary pursuits, to fly as "eagles soar, above the ken of man," nor shall we be content with merely skimming the surface of the ground; our pages will not be filled with abstruse predilections, nor shall we display the brilliancy of our critical acumen in matters "caviare to the million." In short, we do not mean to be profoundly learned, nor philosophically dull. We wish to produce a gentlemanly, agreeable book—an epitome of life's adventures—a literary melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every gentleman in the United States.

In the varied and ample page of contents attached to each number of the Gentleman's Magazine, original articles will be found, from some of the most celebrated writers of the day. Essays, humorous and didactic—Graphic delineations of Men and manners—Free and spirited translations of the lighter portions of the literature of continental Europe—A series of original Biographical Notices of the principal stars in the Dramatic hemisphere. The current literature will be revised in full, and laborious extracts made from rare and valuable works. An original copy right Song—not otherwise to be obtained—will be given, with the music, in every number.

The Gentleman's Magazine will contain seventy-two extra sized octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, two large handsome volumes of one thousand seven hundred and twenty eight columns, each column containing one third more than an octavo page of average proportions. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves that the Gentleman's Magazine shall be the largest and the cheapest monthly work issued in the United States.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can remain in force for a few months only. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably three dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a five dollar bill will produce two copies to the same direction, or a club of ten dollars will command five copies.

All letters, postage paid, addressed to Charles Alexander, Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia, will meet with the earliest attention.

June 21. 75—

Blanks for sale at this Office.

Cotton Yarn.

THE proprietor of the Hillsborough Steam Cotton Mills, has reduced the wholesale price of his Cotton Yarn to the following rates, viz:

For No. 4 and 5,	20 cents per lb.
6 and 7,	22
8 and 9,	25
10 and 11,	28
12 and 13,	30

He would also inform the public, that he has on hand a large quantity, and well assorted, for which he will receive South Carolina money at par in payment.

H. HUMPHREYS, Greensborough, June 20. 76—3w

South Carolina Money.

I WILL receive South Carolina Bank Bills, at par to Goods.

W. T. SHIELDS, Agent. June 8. 73—

South Carolina Notes.

NOTES of South Carolina Banks will be received by the subscribers, at par, in payment for Goods.

MICKLE & NORWOOD. June 8. 73—

Selling off at Cost.

THE subscriber, wishing to close his present business, will offer at Cost and Charges, for Cash, his entire Stock of Goods on hand, consisting of a general assortment of

DRY GOODS, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Shoes and Hats, AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Broad-cloths, Ladies' Tuscan and Straw Bonnets, &c.

all of which will be sold at above or on a credit to punctual customers at his usual low prices.

He would earnestly request all those indebted to him to call and settle their respective accounts.

STEPHEN MOORE. April 20. 66—

Land for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the tract of Land on which John W. McCracken lately resided, containing 230 Acres. It has on it a dwelling House, Kitchen, Work Shop, Stables, &c. The plantation is handsomely situated, is well watered, and is as healthy as any situation in the county, is but six miles from Hillsborough, and near the Stage Road. Those disposed to purchase are invited to view the premises. Terms will be made known on application to the subscriber.

JOHN HART. April 20. 66—5w

Forwarding Agency.

THE subscribers inform the Merchants of the interior that they are now engaged in the Forwarding way, and trust that with the facilities and experience they now possess in the transaction of this business, to merit the patronage heretofore conferred. They have large Ware Houses at the river and in town, for the reception of forwarding Goods, apart from other buildings and comparatively safe from fire.

WILKINGS & BELDEN, Fayetteville

Refer to Messrs. AYVE & HOLLAND, Hillsborough April 5. 65—

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Hillsborough, on the 1st day of July 1837, which if not taken out in three months, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| A | Joseph Armstrong | K | Alex. M. Kirkland & George W. King |
| B | Rachel Burdland Thomas Barton Rev. Thomas Bird Fred Bailey Gabriell Barbee David Blalock Jacob Bason James Brockwell Washington Branch | L | George Laws Stanford Leigh John W. Latta Barney Lashley |
| C | Col. of the 47 Reg. Col. of the 48 Reg. James V. Cozart Samuel Cope Anthony Cole Benjamin Carroll Elijah Couch Samuel Couch, esq. Burgh Clark 2 J. mids or William Cude | M | Peter U. Murphy Wm. Mares Andrew Murdoch Jesse Miller John L. Moore 2 Eliza J. Morrow 2 John McDade |
| D | Mary Daniel Moore Daniel George F. Davis Miles Davis Wm. L. Durham | P | Mary Phipps James D. Parke Matthew Poe |
| E | John Fancette | R | Archibald R. Roberts George Rhodes Wm. D. Ray David Roach Anderson Rhodes Levi Rosa, jr. Joseph M. Russell James Riggs |
| F | Elizabeth Garrard Wm. A. Graham 2 | S | Sheff of Orange 4 Andrew Shanklin Upham Stedman John Scarlett Jacob L. Luxas Samuel Stubbins John Snellings |
| G | Thomas Howard Johnathan Hobbs Nathaniel Haicks Kennedy Hatten John Hill Richard F. Hollins Edwin S. Hull Wm. Husky Right House | T | Henry Tree or James Hart Thomas Thomson Wm. Ward 2 John Williams of John Wm. B. Wynne James D. Webb Henderson Woods A. S. Vangh James Waggoner George W. Walker Temperance Workman |
| H | J. T. Jonston Iredell S. Jordan Mrs. S. Johnston Mrs. Cary Johnston | | |

Those calling for advertised letters will please say they are advertised.

THOS. CLANCY, P. M. July 6. 77 3w

Those in arrears for postage will please call and pay their respective accounts.

THOS. CLANCY, P. M. July 7. 77

JOB-PRINTING.

Executed at his Office with neatness accuracy and despatch.

Cotton Yarn.

DANFORTH & MCCUSTIN, Cotton Manufacturers, at the High Falls of Haw River, Orange county, have reduced their wholesale prices for Cotton Yarn to the following rates, viz:

No. 3 and 4,	20 cents per lb.
5, 6 and 7,	22
8 and 9,	25
10 and 11,	28
12 and 13,	30
14 and 15,	34
16 and 17,	37

The Fayetteville prices given for Picked Cotton.

South Carolina Money taken at par.

DANFORTH & MCCUSTIN, High Falls, Haw River, June 23. 76—

HILLSBOROUGH Female Seminary.

THE summer Session of this Institution will open on Thursday the 29th of July.

Price of Tuition—1st Class, \$17 00

2d Class, - 15 00

3d Class, - 12 00

Drawing and Painting, - 12 00

Instruction on Guitar, - 25 00

on Piano, - 25 00

Needle-work, - 3 00

WILLIAM M. GREEN, Superintendent. June 29. 76—

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Orange County.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
May Term, 1837.

Edmund Stradwick vs. John Carothers, administrator of Richard Blackwood, dec'd.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Anderson Blackwood, Richard Blackwood and Edward Blackwood, the children and heirs at law of Richard Blackwood, dec'd, are not inhabitants of this state. It is ordered by the Court that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for the space of six weeks, that unless the said Anderson, Richard and Edward appear before the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for Orange County, at the court house in Hillsborough, in the state of North Carolina, on the 4th Monday in August next, then and there to show cause why the Land, of which said Richard Blackwood, deceased, died seized and possessed, should not be sold, that the said Land will be sold to satisfy the plaintiff's claim.

J. TAYLOR, c. c. c. Price adv. \$4 00. 76 6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Orange County.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
May Term, 1837.

Thomas Stewart and Samuel Stewart vs. Joseph Thompson, and others. Petition.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Samuel Stewart, John Stewart and Charles Stewart, three of the defendants are not inhabitants of this state: It is ordered that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks, that unless the said Samuel, John and Charles Stewart appear at the next term of this Court, to be held at the court house in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday in August next, then and there answer or demur to said petition, the petition will be taken pro confesso as to them, and heard ex parte.

J. TAYLOR, c. c. c. Price adv. \$4 00. 76—6w

NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

OWING to the intended removal of one of the Editors, and the wish of the other to devote himself more exclusively to the duties of his profession, the undersigned offer for sale the establishment of the North Carolina Journal Office. The Office is well fixed in Job, Newspaper and Ornamental Type; the list of subscribers is tolerably large, and they could not, might be greatly augmented by a little exertion. To any person desirous of embarking in the business, the above inducements not inferior to any in this state, but to a practical printer, they know of no investment he could make of his money that would yield him a more profitable return.

HYBART & STRANGE, Fayetteville, May 30. 74—

WILLIAM W. GRAY'S Invaluable OINTMENT.

FOR THE CURE OF

External Diseases, viz:

White Swellings, Scrofula and other Tumours, Sore Legs and Ulcers, Old and Fresh Wounds, Sprains and Bruises, Swellings and Inflammations, Scalds and Burns. Women's Sore Breasts, Scald Head, Rheumatic Pains, Chilblains, Tetters, Eruptions, Biles, Whitlow—and a most effectual remedy for the removal of Corns.

Also, Beck with's Anti-Dispeptic Pills, FOR SALE BY

ALLEN PARKS, September 8. 35—

Wanted

A quantity of FLAX SEED and FEATHERS; for which Merchandise will be given in exchange.

MICKLE & NORWOOD. February 2. 55—

HILLSBOROUGH N. C.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY DENNIS HEARTY,

AT THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, OR TWO DOLLARS FIFTY CENTS IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

Those who do not give notice of their wish to have their paper discontinued at the expiration of the year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded. And no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Persons procuring six subscribers, shall receive the seventh gratis.

Advertisements not exceeding sixteen lines will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each continuance. Subscriptions received by the printer, and most of the post offices in the state. All letters must be post paid.